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BOOK OF WORDS

Southwark R

FISCHER EDITION No. 3375

"As Breezy and Beneficial as a Sea Voyage"

A NAUTICAL KNOT

or

"The Belle of Barnstapoole"

Operetta in Two Acts

FOR CHORUS OF MIXED VOICES
With Piano or Orchestra

Book and Lyrics by
Maude Elizabeth Inch

Music by
W. Rhys-Herbert

Authors of "Sylvia," "Bulbul," and "The Bo'sn's Bride"

Vocal Score (with full dialogue)	$1.25 net
Stage Manager's Book (containing also sketches of characters and of costumes)	1.00 net
Orchestral Parts in Manuscript	

The Book of Words of "A Nautical Knot" sold separately only in quantities of one hundred or more copies

Published by
J. FISCHER & BRO., NEW YORK

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ARGUMENT.

ACT I. Julia, the haughty belle of Barnstapoole, is as proud as she is beautiful. All the sailor lads are hopelessly in love with her, but she scorns them all. On the eve of the departure of the "Bounding Billow" for a year's voyage, Barnabas Lee, a wandering artist, comes to town and falls in love with Julia, who returns his affection. The sailor lads, driven to despair by their rival's success, plan to kidnap Barnabas, stow him aboard the "Bounding Billow" and carry him to sea. They are successful in their scheme and the townsfolk returning from seeing the ship sail, announce to Julia that Barnabas was on board her.

In the meantime, Nance—a gentle damsel—is loved by Joe Stout. Joe is as bashful as he is honest, and fearing a repulse he induces Bill Salt to propose to Nance in his name. Bill promises to perform the task, but unfortunately he meets Julia first, and, thinking her the object of Joe's affections, delivers the bashful suitor's message to her.

Julia is a great believer in the old saying, "One in hand is better far than two that in the bushes are." She tells Bill to bid his friend try his luck a year hence. Bill, delighted at his supposed success, seeks Joe and informs him of the result, only to learn of the sad mistake he has made. The whistle sounds from the ship "All Aboard," and poor Joe is obliged to sail without seeing his sweetheart Nance.

Julia tells Nance of Joe's love for her and Nance is heartbroken. The Barnstapoole girls, having quarreled with the sailors, pretend indifference at their departure.

ACT II. takes place one year hence. The townsfolk are waiting on the quay for the return of the "Bounding Billow." The Barnstapoole girls meeting a party of artists down from town for the day, take a malicious pleasure in going to welcome back the "Bounding Billow" accompanied by the artists. The sailors who during their long absence from home had quite recovered from their love for Julia, are much chagrined to find that the Barnstapoole girls are apparently quite indifferent to their return. Even Julia will not speak to them.

Bill Salt has the unpleasant duty of explaining his mistake to Julia and offering himself in Joe's place. Julia at first spurns him indignantly, but afterward accepts him. The happy return of Barnabas Lee releases Bill Salt from the noose he had cast about his own neck. Joe soon finds Nance and explains the situation to her. The artists return to town and the sailors and girls become reconciled. The scene ends with the promise of many happy weddings in the near future.

COSTUMES.

All the girls should wear pretty summer costumes and hats or bonnets. Julia in particular should be well dressed. Dresses may be changed for Act II. if desired, but is not necessary. Barnabas and artists, where possible, should wear velveteen coats, odd colored trousers, flowing ties, slouch hats. Otherwise ordinary suits will answer the purpose. Bill wears a blue jersey and a sou'wester. Joe a navy blue suit with brass buttons and a peaked cap. The sailors are in sailor costume. Chorus: Fishwife dress for girls and fisherman costume for men.

STAGE SETTINGS.

A marine drop for the background with a view of the ocean in the distance. Boats on shore. If possible a seawall fronting the ocean should be set. On the quay are nets, barrels, an overturned boat, anything, in fact, to give the proper atmosphere.

Where required paraphernalia for proper setting cannot be had it will rest with stage manager to substitute others and "create an atmosphere." The quay can well be an imaginary one in the distance, L. on which side sailors must therefore also depart in Act I. and re-enter, Act II.

Where a marine drop, etc., is entirely out of question scene might be laid in a public square with an old English hostelry in the background.

The publishers recommend the purchase of a copy of the "Stage Manager's Book" containing much valuable information as how to make a successful performance of this operetta possible. Contains also drawings of characters and costumes sketched by Arthur J. Elder, a renowned artist and medalist of the British Poster Academy. The pamphlet will prove of invaluable service to all whose aim it is to perform the operetta in a first-class manner.

ACT I.

SCENE—Barnstapoole quay. The townspeople are walking up and down, laughing and talking. The sailors are standing in a group on L. The girls are strolling up and down, two by two, endeavoring to attract the attention of the sailors.

1. OVERTURE—

2. "THE DAY IS FAIR."

CHORUS—

The day is fair,
The sun a-glow,
And from the west
The breezes blow.
The sea is calm
And tranquil lay
The gallant ships
That sail to-day.

That sail to-day
For lands afar,
May heaven e'er be
Their guiding star.
And Hope a torch
Of light will lend,
To guide them safe
'Till journey end.

(*Enter Joe and Bill. They stop and speak to sailors.*)

JOE—The Bounding Billow sails at sunset, my lads.

SAILORS—What ho! Three cheers! (*Exit townspeople and girls.*)

BILL—You have just time to say good-bye to your sisters.

SAILORS—(*Disgusted*) Sisters!

BILL—And sweethearts, then heave-ho for the Bounding Billow and a year afloat.

SAILORS—(*Sighing*) One year from Julia!

JOE—Yes, shipmates, one year of the happiest, heartiest life a man can live. The sea is the life for a manly man, I care not who says nay.

3. "THE SEA IS THE LIFE."

JOE AND SAILORS—

JOE—

1. The sea is the life for a manly man,
I care not who says nay.
I'd rather be a sailor bold
Than king for many a day.
I'd rather pace the bridge at night
And watch o'er sleeping mates,
Than stand at guard in proud array
Before an emperor's gates.

SAILORS—

He may spoon with a mermaid
Or fish for a whale,
And pass idle moments
By changing the sail.
He can go where he likes
And can do what he please,
O life upon the ocean waves
Is certainly the cheese.

JOE—

2. The sea is the life for a manly man,
He fights the winds that blow,
And counts the stars that line his course
And knows the tides that flow.
He loves his ship, he loves his life
And though abroad must roam,
There's ne'er a day he does not think
And sigh for those at home.

SAILORS—

He may box with the compass
Or box with a mate
And stroll through the town
With rollicking gait.
He may sing when he likes
And talk when he please,
O life upon the ocean waves
Is certainly the cheese.

(*Enter girls*) (*Exit Joe and Bill*)

Jim—Three short hours to sunset, then all aboard.

Ned—Three hundred and sixty-five days without Julia. (*The sailors sigh heavily.*)

Daisy—Hear them sighing for Julia! And she scorns them all.

Delia—See, girls, here she comes. Here comes Julia, the Belle of Barnstapoole, and dressed as usual in the pink of fashion.

Dora—Head in air—not condescending to look either to the right or left. Parasol in left hand, handkerchief in right. Look! The sailors see her coming. How they start, and the townspeople also.

(*Great excitement on quay. Enter townspeople. Sailors form a line, townspeople behind them. Girls gather in group.*)

4. "BEHOLD THE BELLE OF BARNSTAPOOLE."

Chorus—

Behold the Belle of Barnstapoole,
Behold the winsome maid
Who puts the rest of womankind
Completely in the shade.
You may have heard of pretty girls
In towns afar and near,
But we maintain our Julia is
As yet without a peer.

Sailors (*Adoringly*)—

Here comes Julia!
With her dainty graces,
Ribbons, pretty laces,
Gentle manners, stately paces,
See the lovelight on our faces,
Julia!

Girls (*Disdainfully*)—

Here comes Julia!
With her airs and graces,
Flaunting, flying laces,
Haughty manners, mincing paces.
Nothing falters, nothing phases
Julia!

Chorus—

Behold the Belle of Barnstapoole, etc.

(*Enter Julia, walking slowly and with dignity.*)

Jim—Julia—speak to us!

Sailors—Speak to us!

Jack—Julia—smile on us!

Sailors—Smile on us!

Ned—Julia—look at us!

Sailors—Look at us!

(*Exit Julia, followed by beseeching sailors, and by the townspeople.*)

Daisy—Proud and haughty as ever!

Delia—Oh, those fickle, fickle sailors. It is all Julia, Julia with them now. Yet, once upon a time we were the objects of their adoration.

5. "ONCE LONG AGO."

Trio and Chorus of Girls —

Delia—

1. Once long ago, so I've been told,
There sailed a ship in search of gold,
And on that ship ten sailors bold
Set out in search of glory.

Dora—

Behind them on the stout seawall,
Bewailed maidens, short and tall,
Who loudly to the waves did call
This sad and simple story.

Chorus—

Nevermore to smile, evermore to bear
Broken hearts and empty lives,
Emblems of despair.
Nevermore to hope, evermore to sigh
Can you wonder from this world
We would gladly fly?

Daisy—

2. The sailors laughed—were full of glee,
On stony ears fell maidens' plea.
The ship was soon beyond the lea
And no more in my story.

DAISY, DELIA, DORA— The maidens all from day to day
Did fast decline and fade away,
To love a sailor does not pay,
It only leads to glory.

CHORUS— Nevermore to smile, evermore to bear, etc.

(*Girls are wiping their eyes and consoling each other. Enter Barnabas Lee with easel, camp stool, paint box, etc. Astonished and interested, the girls cease their lamentations.*)

BARNABAS (*Soliloquizing*)—A lovely spot! Nature's true abode! A fit subject for a masterpiece! (*He proceeds to erect easel. Strikes an artistic pose.*) The world will yet be ashamed of the oblivion to which she has consigned ME—Barnabas Lee.

6. "BARNABAS LEE."

BARNABAS— 1. My name it is Barnabas, Barnabas Lee
And a national pet am I.
To live up to fame—a difficult aim—
I constant endeavor and try.

My temperament is—as matter of course,
A delicate, fanciful thing.
And therefore my art, and also my heart,
Is light as a butterfly wing.

2. I copy no man either living or dead,
My style is completely my own.
I follow no school—depend as a rule,
On a delicate burnt wood tone.

A tragedy grim, I never portray,
My pictures with beauty o'erflow,
Though often the point—to those out of joint,
Is rather a puzzle to know.

(*Barnabas seats himself and commences to paint.*)

DELIA (*Excitedly*)—Girls! This must be the artist who is staying at the "Jolly Pirate." He is in search of beauty. Let us introduce ourselves—we might suit.

DORA—Of course we can't compare with Julia, but really, taking us all in all, we might be worse-looking.

DAISY—A great deal worse. Is my hat on straight? (*The girls busy themselves fixing their hats, etc.*)

DORA—If only we had a looking glass! (*Tragically.*) I feel—I just know—that my hair is frightful. Now, Delia, we are ready for you to introduce us.

DELIA (*Frightened*)—Oh no! Daisy—you speak.

DAISY—You suggested it, Delia, therefore, you are the one to speak. Don't be afraid; he can only bite you.

GIRLS—And that is nothing.

DELIA (*Advancing timidly*)—Good morning, sir.

(*Barnabas does not hear.*)

GIRLS—Louder, louder!

DELIA—Good morning, sir.

DAISY—He must be deaf. Let us all speak together. One, two, three—go.

GIRLS—GOOD MORNING, SIR.

BARNABAS (*Jumping*)—Did any one speak?

DORA (*Meekly*)—We only said good morning.

BARNABAS (*Sarcastically*)—Oh, indeed! Is that all? Then please do not say it again. Once is quite enough. Good day. (*Returns to his picture.*)

DAISY—Pardon us, but——

BARNABAS (*Impatiently*)—Go away. I'm busy.

DAISY—We hear you are in search of beauty.

BARNABAS—So I am. Beauty in atmosphere and spirit. My artistic temperament demands frequent draughts of both.

DAISY—I suppose we should not suit? As a group—so.
(*The girls group themselves.*) Or so, or so.

BARNABAS (*Gazing at them critically*)—No. Er-hardly.

GIRLS (*Indignantly*)—Oh! Indeed!

DELIA (*Coldly*)—We have been given to understand by those who know real beauty when they see it, that in some respects we are unexceptionable.

BARNABAS—Unfortunately, you do not suit me. My artistic temperament demands more delicacy, less color, not so much—(*struggles for expression*) not half so much—

GIRLS (*Gasping*)—Oh! Did you ever!

BARNABAS—A less critical soul would doubtless be charmed with you all. But I—I—am so critical. It really pains me at times. Are you going to stay long? If so, do you mind standing behind me? (*Girls go behind him.*) Thank you, now I cannot see you.

DELIA (*Indignantly*)—Never have I been so treated.

DORA —Julia is coming. Perhaps she will fit his ideas of beauty. (*All look L.*)

DAISY (*Sighing*)—She is more gracious now. Jack is allowed to hold her parasol, Ned is carrying her handkerchief, while Jim—is holding—her hand.

(*Daisy retires up stage, weeping.*)

GIRLS (*Sighing*)—Perfidious tars! (*They retire up stage.*)

(*Enter Julia and sailors.*)

7.

"I LOVE TO STROLL."

JULIA AND CHORUS OF GIRLS—

JULIA—

1. I love to stroll upon the quay when twilight draweth nigh,
And watch the sunset colors fade into the evening sky.
And listen to the fairy tales that vagrant breezes tell,
And know that with the fishermen the day's work has been well.

When twilight draweth nigh,
And shadows dim the sky,
O, will you idly stroll with me
Upon the silent quay.
And listen to the song
Of winds that idly blow,
And watch the radiant sun depart
In rays of golden glow.

CHORUS—

When twilight draweth nigh, *etc.*

(*Girls and sailors stroll arm in arm upon quay.*)

JULIA—

2. I love to watch the stars that shine and glimmer in the night,
And wonder if they love the moon and glory in her light,
To hearken to the waves that beat upon the distant shore,
And dream of days that are to come, of years that are no more.

When twilight draweth nigh,
And shadows dim the sky,
O, will you idly stroll with me
Upon the silent quay.
And hearken to the beat
Of waves upon the shore,
And dream of golden days gone by,
Those happy days of yore.

CHORUS—

When twilight draweth nigh, *etc.*

JULIA—I am so weary. (*Jack spies Barnabas seated and busy painting. He rushes forward and tumbles him off his stool, and bears it in triumph to Julia, who seats herself.*)

JULIA—I am very warm. (*Ned snatches Barnabas' hat off and commences to fan Julia.*)

BARNABAS (*Advancing. Indignant*)—How now, sir. What means this. (*Observes Julia and stops short, smitten with her beauty.*) Madam—I am an artist in search of beauty.

JULIA (*Coyly*)—A hopeless quest, I fear.

BARNABAS—Until now—in you I find it.

JULIA—And having found it?

BARNABAS—Shall with your permission keep it—always imprinted upon my heart.

JULIA—My permission—that will be hard to obtain.

BARNABAS—Not by the means I hope to use.

JULIA—And those means?

BARNABAS (*Impassioned*)—Nay, that I cannot tell you here. (*With fervor.*) I know a sunswept spot upon the beach, where all is silent as the cliffs surrounding; where all is peaceful as the moon's calm rays upon the placid lake; where all is beauty—as thou art. Wilt come?

JULIA—Yes, I will come. (*Rising; to Jack*) My parasol—thank you. (*To Ned*) My handkerchief—so much obliged. (*Exit Julia and Barnabas arm in arm.*)

JACK—'Tis thus she leaves us. Cruel, cruel Julia.

GIRLS (*Mockingly.*)*

There goes Julia,
With her dainty graces,
Ribbons, pretty laces,
Gentle manners, stately paces,
See the lovelight on our faces, Julia!

(*Sailors storm up and down quay.*) (*Exit girls laughing.*)

JIM—Scorned by Julia. Teased and tormented by the other girls. 'Tis a lucky thing we sail to-night, my lads.

NED—And I for one, do not care if we never return. The first southerly buster we run into may send us all to Davy Jones for aught I care.

JACK (*Moodily*)—I hope we strike the Doldrums—not one ship in ten escapes. But I do wish that before we depart we could be revenged upon this artist who has shattered our hopes and driven our happiness upon the rocks.

NED—Yes, revenge would compensate. (*Thinks deeply*) I have it. "The national pet" has left his tools behind him. Let us hide them. He will return to look for them—and when he finds them——(*Pauses*).

SAILORS (*Impatiently*)—Yes, yes.

NED (*Darkly*)—He will find us as well.

SAILORS (*Disappointed*)—Is that all?

NED—We—will—kidnap—him.

SAILORS—Kidnap him!

NED (*Rapidly*)—Carry him aboard the Bounding Billow, stow him in the hold, carry him to sea, feed him on salt pork and sea biscuits, then, when we come to some desert island, drop him overboard that he may continue his search for beauty—undisturbed.

SAILORS (*Laughing*)—Ha! Ha! Ha!

JACK—Can't be done, mate, can't be done. Remember Bill Salt.

NED—Bill Salt will not discover him until we have sailed, then he will have the choice of carrying an unwilling passenger or losing his ship's crew, for by my binnacle, rather than return a year hence and see Julia and her artist walking arm in arm upon the quay—I will turn pirate.

SAILORS—Hear! Hear!

JIM—There are worse fates than that of pirates. The pirate has a very good time, if you ask me.

8.

"THE PIRATE BOLD."

JIM AND SAILORS—

JIM—

1. The pirate bold has a very good time,
 If you ask me, if you ask me.
With little to do the livelong day
 But sail the sea, but sail the sea.
With cautious eye he scans the deep,
 A careful watch his crew all keep,
On passing craft whose skippers sleep,
 For of their cargo all will reap.
O, the pirate bold has a very good time,
 If you ask me.

CHORUS—

On a deep consideration,
And a firm determination,
We have come to the conclusion
As above he made allusion,
That life is strife with little gain,
Unless 'tis on the Spanish Main.

---

*See vocal score, page 18. To be sung with accompaniment of piano only.

JIM— 2. The pirate bold is a jolly old chap,
If you ask me, if you ask me.
He often sings a rollicking song,
In minor key, in minor key.
Of troubles he has none of worth,
The fatal plank is cause for mirth.
Of Julias there is quite a dearth,
O, were it so o'er all the earth!
O, the pirate bold is a jolly old chap
If you ask me.

CHORUS— On a deep consideration, *etc.*

(*Sailors pick up Barnabas' belongings and exit, doing fancy steps and showing their delight.*)
(*Enter Nance.*)

NANCE (*Looking about her*)—How quiet the quay is this afternoon. I wonder where everyone is! Down on the beach, I expect, watching the Bounding Billow. Joe sails this afternoon—how I shall miss him! But I shall hope for his safe return at the end of a year. Hope! Yes, that is woman's work, hoping, loving, waiting.

9. "LOVE'S FULL OF JOY."

NANCE— Love's full of joy and clings to life
Courageous in the midst of strife,
And like the lark—its song will rise
Triumphant to the very skies.

Love's full of hope, and smiles at pain,
Love sacrifices much in vain.
I would not love—I would be free,
Though love itself should plead to me.

Love's full of tears, ah, who would know
Its fears, its tremblings and its woe.
So much of shade, so little sun,
A broken heart, and life is done.

(*Exit Nance.*)

(*Enter Barnabas and Julia.*)

JULIA—You must indeed be a great artist.

BARNABAS (*Modestly*)—I am considered so. The crowning point in my career will be your portrait, for love will guide my hand.

JULIA—Love! That little word with so many meanings.

10. "LOVE THAT TARRIES."

JULIA, BARNABAS AND CHORUS OF GIRLS—

JULIA— 1. Love that tarries,
Love that marries,
Love that sighs.

BARNABAS— Love that misses
Lovers' kisses
Lovelit eyes.

JULIA AND BARNABAS— Love that lasts forever,
Love that lasts a day,
Love that tells a pretty tale,
And rides away.

GIRLS— (*Behind scenes.*) Voices singing,
Echo ringing,
Sweet refrain.
Hearts are beating
Moments fleeting,
Once again
Tell the old, old story,
Tell the story new,
"No one loves so dearly, dear,
As I love you."

Barnabas— 2. Love that maddens
Love that saddens,
Love that sings.

Julia— Love that prattles,
Love that rattles,
Love that stings.

Julia and Barnabas— Love that never changes,
Love that loves in vain;
Who once free from cupid's net
Would love again.

Girls— Voices singing, *etc.*

Barnabas—We will seek some quiet spot. There will I erect my easel and set to work upon the portrait that is to make me famous. My tools? (*Looks about him.*) I left them here. My easel and stool——I am sure.

Julia—Yes, for I remember seeing them. Perhaps someone has put them under the quay for safety. I will help you look. Do you go to the right. I will seek to the left.

(*Exit Julia L., Barnabas on R.*)

(*Enter Bill Salt and Joe. Joe has his arm on Bill's shoulder and is talking to him earnestly.*)

Joe—You will remember, Bill?

Bill—Every word, lad.

Joe—Tell her I love her; that I think of her by day and dream of her at night; that while away, each day will seem a week, each week a month, each month—a year. That her voice will sound through the wind——

Bill (*Aside*)—Make a good foghorn—that voice.

Joe—Her face will smile through the storm, and the memory of her smile will enlighten the darkest night. (*Slaps Bill on back.*) Good luck to you, mate. (*Exit Joe.*)

Bill (*Sitting down. In great consternation*)—Now, here's a pretty kettle of fish for an old tar like me to be mixed up in. I have to propose to a girl I never saw, whose name I don't know, and all I have to go by is a foghorn voice and a searchlight smile. If it wasn't that my old shipmate Joe asked it of me—I'd cut and run this very minute. "My dear—Joe Stout loves you hearty." That is how I'd best begin. (*Looks L.*) Here comes a whole flock of girls. They are like Mother Carey's chickens—mean trouble.

(*Enter girls.*)

Delia—Hush! Dear old Bill Salt sitting musing and looking most unhappy. Let us cheer him up. (*Girls advance.*)

Girls—Good evening, Mr. Salt.

Bill—Good evening, my dears.

Girls—Why so pensive, Mr. Salt?

Dora—Because you are going away to leave (*sadly*) us?

Bill—Not a bit of it! (*Hastily*) No, that is— yes.

Daisy—You must be a great favorite among the girls in other lands, Mr. Salt.

Dora—I expect dozens have fallen in love with you—simply dozens.

Bill (*Flattered*)—I have broken a few hearts in my time.

Dora (*Coaxing*)—Do tell us about them—please do.

Girls—Please! Please!

11. "A MERMAID FAIR."

Bill and Chorus of Girls—

Bill— 1. A mermaid fair, with golden hair,
Once fell in love with me,
And asked if I would share her lot
Beneath the foaming sea.
She vowed that she would love, adore,
And cherish me for aye,
That I should like a monarch live,
With not one cent to pay.

But I replied—

Girls— But he replied—

Bill— Quite dignified—

Girls— Quite dignified—

Bill— "I thank you, madam, no.
Though but a tar
My hopes by far
Beyond a mermaid go."

Bill— 2. A tropic queen, with jet black eyes,
And haughty, savage air,
Said we upon her heathen isle
Should dwell a happy pair.
Her manner was solicitous,
I dared not say her nay,
So waited 'till one stormy night,
Then quickly ran away.

I did disdain—

Girls— He did disdain—

Bill— A king to reign—

Girls— A king to reign—

Bill— O'er such a heathen race,
So ran away,
And since that day
Have never seen her face.

(*Exit girls.*)

(*Enter Julia, searching for easel.*)

Bill (*Watching her*)—A trim little craft. Wonder who she is? She appears to be looking for someone or something. Ah! I have it! It is SHE looking for HE. I will attract her attention. (*Coughs loudly.*)

Julia (*Starting*)—Dear me!

Bill (*Advancing*)—Don't be afraid, my dear. It's only me.

Julia—Me! Who is me?

Bill—Bill Salt, boatswain of the Bounding Billow and shipmate of your own true sweetheart, Joe Stout. (*Aside*) Brought that in rather snugly.

Julia (*Astonished*)—Joe Stout—my sweetheart! You are mistaken!

Bill—You never catch an old tar napping. You are you—I knew it the moment I saw you. Joe Stout loves you tight and true and hopes you remember the compliment.

Julia (*Aside*)—Joe Stout loves me! Impossible! This bungling mariner mistakes me for Nance. Shall I undeceive him? No. Barnabas may desert me. His artistic temperament led him here—and that same temperament may lead him away from here. And I always did like Joe. I will evade a direct answer.

(*Aloud*) You have startled me, Mr. Salt.

Bill—Bill to you, my dear.

Julia (*Bashfully*)—Will you tell Mr. Stout—

Bill—Joe to you, my dear.

Julia—Will you tell Joe that what is worth having is worth waiting for. A year hence, I will give him my answer. (*Aside*) A great deal may happen in a year.

Bill (*Disappointed*)—Nothing more? Not a smile or a ki——that is a word, to bid him be of good cheer.

Julia—Not a word. But I will smile on you and you may keep it or give it to Joe as you please.
(*Exit Julia.*)

Bill (*Enraptured*)—Joe, you're a lucky chap. A lovely lass! Twenty years ago, Joe, my lad, I'd have run you pretty close to the wind with that trim little clipper. (*Exit Bill.*)

(*Enter girls disconsolately.*)

Delia—I shall never speak to a sailor again. They are as fickle as the wind, as inconstant as the weather.

"LOVE WHERE YOU LIKE."

Chorus of Girls— 1. Love where you like, love when you please,
Love soldier, tinker, tailor,
But do not waste a single sigh
On any fickle sailor.

Beware his smile; heed not his air
Of tender admiration;
For Jack will seek another Jill
With little hesitation.

2. Take care your heart, lest it should slip
Into his idle keeping,
For one bright day he'll sail away,
And leave you sad and weeping.

Love as you like and when you please,
Love rich man, poor man, tailor,
Love two a day, or one alway,
But never love a sailor.

(*Enter Bill and Joe.*) (*Exit girls.*)

Joe—I can never thank you enough, Bill. Your good deed of to-day is only another added to the debt I owe you.

Bill—Don't mention it, my lad. She is a stunner. The dandiest little craft that ever showed a clean pair of heels. I envy you, mate, I envy you.

Joe (*Sighing*)—One year to wait! Will it ever pass! I shall think of her always.

13. " 'TIS THEN I'LL THINK OF THEE "

Joe— 1. When evening comes and shadows steal
Across the twilight sky,
And zephyrs blow from off the shore,
And clouds are flying high,
When all the world is full of peace,
And silent grows the sea,
'Tis then my thoughts to love will turn,
'Tis then I'll think of thee.

2. When night descends and wraps the world
Within her fond embrace,
And weary mortals lull to rest
With visions of her face.
When life and love are slumber hush'd,
And none awake but me,
'Tis then my thoughts to bliss will turn,
'Tis then I'll think of thee.

Joe (*Sentimentally*)—Dear Nance—your blue eyes!

Bill—Brown, you mean.

Joe—Your golden hair.

Bill—Golden! Black, jet black.

Joe (*Indignantly*)—My Nance has blue eyes, golden hair, and a complexion of roses and cream.

Bill (*Firmly*)—Your Nance has brown eyes, black hair, and——

Joe—That is not Nance. That is Julia. (*Suddenly*) Bill Salt—you old duffer—you spoke to the wrong girl.

Bill (*Weakly*)—The wrong girl! Great sea-serpents! Taken in by a smile. (*Reviving.*) Never mind, matey, one girl is as good as another.

Joe (*Sadly*)—Oh, my lovely, gentle-hearted Nance, what must you think of me. Bill, you must seek Julia and tell her of the mistake you have made. I will go and find Nance and cast my heart at her feet.

Bill—Joe Stout, are you going back on an old mate like that? Expect me to go to this haughty Julia and tell her I mistook her for another? Never! She would crush me with her rage and grind me to shavings. (*Firmly*) No, lad, I couldn't do it, beside it would hurt her feelings, and Bill Salt has never hurt a woman yet. (*Whistle blown off shore*) Come lad, the Billow is ready to sail. We must go aboard.

Joe—Not before I see Nance.

Bill—Duty before pleasure, my lad. (*Whistle blown again.*) The last signal. The mate must be aboard.

(*Enter girls.*)

Delia—What, going, Mr. Salt? Good-bye.

Bill—Here's Joe Stout can't bear to leave the town.

Girls—Poor Joe! We know why. We don't blame him.

Bill—We shall be late as it is. Don't keep him, girls. The skipper will put us in irons for a week if we're not on board in two flaps of a sail.

Joe—I must see——

Girls (*Horrified*)—Oh, please hurry. Go right away. (*Push Joe.*)

Joe—Not before I see——

Girls—Yes, yes, we know. We'll tell her all about it. (*Girls push Joe and Bill toward L. Sailors and townsfolk enter.*) Good-bye, Mr. Stout. Good-bye, Mr. Salt. We'll tell them——

Bill—Them?

Delia (*Laughing*)—Yes, them—Julia and Nance—all about you. How you were so loathe to go that we really had to run you off the quay. (*Girls suit words to action. Exit Joe and Bill.*)

Dora—And now for more good-byes.

14. "GOOD-BYE, GOOD-BYE."

Chorus—

Good-bye, good-bye, and luck attend
  Your journey on the deep,
And may you have a prosp'rous voyage,
  And treasures many reap.
Be brave alway—your duty do,
  And then your path will be
As placid as a summer's day
  Upon the deep, blue sea.

Good-bye, good-bye, think not that we
  Shall e'er forget the name
Of gallant ship and gallant men
  Afar in search of fame.
And when the twilight softly steals,
  And shadows dimly fall,
Our thoughts will fly, and you will hear
  Our distant voices call.
Good-bye, Good-bye, and luck attend, etc.
  Farewell! All's well!

Jack (*To sailors*)—The "national pet" is safe under hatches. I sail with an easy mind. (*Sailors go about saying farewell.*)

(*Enter Julia and Nance.*)

Nance (*Aside*)—The sailors are saying good-bye. Where, oh where, is Joe?

Julia (*Aside*)—Strange that Barnabas has not returned before this. Another attack of temperament, I suppose.

Sailors (*Walking L.*)—Good-bye, every one.

Delia (*To girls*)—Don't one of you show a speck of emotion. Look as though you were glad they were going. (*Aloud*) Oh, good-bye. Hope you have a perfectly lovely time. Send us some postcards, will you? By the way, what did you say your address was? Feejee or Timbuctoo?

Jim (*To sailors*)—Those girls don't care a rap about us. They would not ask for picture postcards if they did. Ah, the sea is the life for me! (*Exit sailors followed by girls and townsfolk.*)

Julia—And now for a year of peace.

Nance—Poor lads, they loved you dearly, Julia.

Julia—The sailors? (*Airily*) Oh, yes, but I was not thinking of them. I was thinking of Joe Stout.

Nance—Of——Joe——Stout?

Julia—Yes. He sent me word that he loved me and asked me to return the compliment.

Nance (*Overcome*)—Sent——you——word! And you?

Julia—I replied by his emissary that what is worth having is worth waiting for. I will answer him this time next year. (*Aside*) She feels it keenly. (*Aloud*) Are you going home, now?

Nance—I——must——go. (*Exit Nance.*)

Julia—Poor Nance! She will think I took her sweetheart from her. Really, I am not to blame if I am beautiful. I wonder what is keeping Barnabas? Joe Stout is worth two of him, but I love Barnabas and did he never return my heart would be broken.

(*Enter girls and townsfolk hurriedly.*)

GIRLS—Julia! Julia!

JULIA (*Alarmea*)—What is the matter?

GIRLS—Barnabas Lee——

JULIA—Drowned! Ah, I knew some calamity had happened.

DELIA—Drowned! No, indeed. He is——

DORA—On board the——

DAISY—Bounding Billow.

ALL—We saw him.

(*Exit Julia in tears.*)

15. "AWAY, WITH CARE AND SADNESS."

CHORUS—

Away with care and sadness,
Have done with grief and tear
Aside cast all such madness,
And likewise idle fear.
Uplift your hearts and voices,
Join in the glad refrain:
"May every joy attend you
Until we meet again."

When evening draweth nigh
Pale shadows dim the sky.
O, tenderly I'll think of thee
Upon the rolling sea.
And hearken to the surge
That beats upon the shore
With tales of olden, golden days,
Those days that are no more.

(*Curtain.*)

(*Curtain descends and rises. Twilight on the quay. The girls are alone upon the stage, and grouped about the sea wall, are gazing out to sea.*)

ACT II.

SCENE—Barnstapoole quay. One year later. A summer afternoon. A crowd of townsfolk are walking up and down, enjoying the fine afternoon.

16. "THE SUN IS SHINING IN THE SKY."

CHORUS—

The sun is shining in the sky,
It is a day in June.
The air is full of mirth and glee,
The birds are all attune.
The ships at anchor in the bay
Float idly with the tide.
Some go abroad at break of day,
And others home will bide.

The moon will rise, her silver beams
A kindly light will throw
Upon the sea, that outward ships
May know the way to go.
Each lonely star will softly shine
With steady, earnest light,
And aid the gallant mariner
By watching him at night.

The wind is blowing from the west,
The sky is bright and fair,
The waves are beating on the shore
And cool the summer air.
The sea is calm tranquility,
O, what a lovely day
For gallant ships and gallant men
To homeward sail to-day.

(*Exit chorus.*)

(*Enter Delia, Daisy and Dora.*)

DAISY—The Bounding Billow really returns to-day.

DORA—Indeed, she will soon be here.

DELIA—Her fickle sailors will not return to find me waiting to receive them. I am going home before they arrive. I have not forgotten their treatment of us last year.

DAISY—Then it was all Julia, Julia, Julia. Now, she vows she will not speak to one of them.

DORA—Barnabas Lee has never returned to Barnstapoole.

DELIA—Probably changed his mind. All men are fickle—especially artists.

DORA AND DAISY—And sailors.

DELIA—Yes, like the fisher's daughter, they quickly change their tune.

(*Enter Barnstapoole girls.*)

17. "A FISHER'S DAUGHTER."

DAISY, DORA, DELIA AND CHORUS OF GIRLS—

DAISY— 1. A fisher's daughter fishing on the quay,
While fishing sang with heart so full of glee,
That creatures in the air and water
Came to hear the lovely daughter
As she tune and time did slaughter.

DAISY, DORA AND DELIA— This is the burden of the tune
She sang that pleasant day in June,
Correct in metre and in rhyme,
To any key, all sorts of time.

GIRLS— Come out, come out, the day is clear,
To-morrow may be cold and drear.
Sing high, sing low, the sun's aglow,
And soft the ocean breezes blow.

DORA— 2. The fishes in the harbor heard the lay,
And told a porpoise sunning in the bay,
Who straightway came to hear the ease
With which she sang in divers keys,
In sharps or flats, her taste to please.

DAISY, DORA AND DELIA— This is the burden of the tune, *etc.*

GIRLS— Come out, come out, the day is clear,
To-morrow may be cold and drear.
Sing high, sing low, the sun's aglow,
And soft the ocean breezes blow.

DELIA— 3. The fisher's daughter fished and sang her rune,
Her basket filled, she changed her little tune,
And sang instead so sad a wail,
The little fishes all turned tail
And e'en the porpoise grew quite pale.

DAISY, DORA AND DELIA— This is the burden of the lay
With which she closed that pleasant day,
Which frightened fishes far and near
And made them all go home in fear.

GIRLS— Beware, beware, O, sailor mine,
To-morrow's storm upon the brine.
Beware, beware, the rolling wave,
That rolleth ever o'er thy grave.

(*Enter artists on R. laden with sketching gear. They raise their hats and bow most gallantly to the girls.*)

FIRST ARTIST (*Advancing*)—I apologize for asking—but is this Barnstapoole?

GIRLS—It is.

SECOND ARTIST (*Advancing*)—Charming place!

GIRLS—Oh, very.

THIRD ARTIST (*Looking at girls*)—Charming people!

ARTISTS (*Enthusiastically, looking at girls*)—Oh, very!

(*Artists open camp stools and offer them to girls, who seat themselves. They take out their pictures and exhibit them proudly.*)

18. "WE ARE ARTISTS DOWN FROM TOWN."

Artists and Girls—

Artists—
1. We are artists down from town
Striving hard for great renown.

Girls—
They are artists! Oh, poor town!
What a price for great renown.

Artists—
And we much regret to say
Art for artists does not pay.

Girls—
Oh, the horror and dismay!
Is it sunset, sheep, or fray?

Artists—
Day by day, we sit and paint,
Pictures that would charm a saint.

Girls—
And they will persist to paint
Smudges that would vex a saint.

Artists—
Airy visions, dreams in oil,
Costing us both time and toil.

Girls—
Ghastly squashes, daubs in oil.
What a waste of time and toil!

Artists—
2. Watery wastes so saturnine,
Forests dark of yew and pine.

Girls—
Woosy wilds, quite Byzantine,
Such a smell of turpentine.

Artists—
Angel faces, twilight skies,
Sunken rocks, beguiling eyes.

Girls—
And the faces! Oh, what skies!
Scarce we can believe our eyes.

Artists—
Heaps of color, lots of dash,
Yards of canvas—all for cash.

Girls—
Too much color, very rash.
What a mixture! What a hash!

Artists—
But our skill is thrown away,
People look and say "Good-day."

Girls—
Is that all the people say?
We should turn and run away.

Girls (*Rising*)—We have your camp stools.

Artists—Pray keep them. Art ever bows to beauty.

(*Enter Julia.*)

Delia—Good morning, Julia. What a lovely basket of flowers. I wonder if we can guess who they are for?

Julia—Easily. They are for—(*All listen*)—Bill Salt. (*Girls laugh*).

First Artist—Lucky Bill. How we envy you. We thought that Flora herself had come to dispose of her wares.

Julia (*Gaily*)—Come, who will buy a flower of me? One a penny, two a penny, three a penny. And a posy for sixpence.

19. FLOWER SONG.

Julia—
1. Who will buy a flower of me,
Buy a blossom fair?
Every lad who courting goes
Should a posy wear.
Poppies laden down with sleep,
Daisies faint with dew,
Lilies languid as the dawn,
Lavender and rue.

Blossoms fair of every hue,
Grasses tall and sweet,
Rushes from the silent pool,
All your taste to meet.

2. Who will buy a wreath of me,
  Twin'd of clover sweet?
Woven for a pretty lass
  Who her swain would meet.
Cowslips smiling in the sun,
  Bluebells from the glade,
Faithful pansies would you buy?
  Last of all they fade.

Blossoms fair of every hue, *etc.*

GIRLS (*Spoken*)—

O, prithee, tell, how you do sell,
Your roses rare and lilies fair?

JULIA—I do not sell—I give. (*Takes flowers from her basket and flings them among the artists. Runs off stage. Artists pick up flowers and gallantly present them to girls. Exit girls and artists arm in arm, laughing and talking.*)

(*Enter Nance.*)

NANCE—Joe returns to-day. Ah me! What a weary year it has been. Never ending! Days so long that I yearned for night, and nights so drear and lonely, I prayed for day. If this be love, then those that do not love are blest indeed.

20.

"IF THIS BE LOVE."

NANCE—

To meet, to part,
To smile, to sigh.
If this be love,
Then pass it by.

To sleep and dream,
But, oh, to wake,
Lay by the crown
The cross to take.

But love is life,
And life is sweet;
Why hesitate
Thy fate to meet?

Be brave, endure,
And though to part,
Remember love
Doth life impart.

(*Enter chorus, laughing and talking. Nance mingles with them for a few moments, then disappears.*)

21.

"SHE IS NOW WITHIN THE BAY."

CHORUS—

She is now within the bay. Hip, hip, hurrah!
And her anchor soon will weigh. Hip, hip, hurrah!
Hearts will beat and tears will rise,
Hands outstretch in glad surprise.
Twelve long months have passed away,
All is gladsome, all is gay.
    Hip, hip, hurrah!
    Hip, hip, hurrah!

(*Enter sailors. Great excitement. Handshaking, etc.*)

22.

"CHEER, BOYS, CHEER."

CHORUS OF SAILORS AND TOWNSPEOPLE—

SAILORS—

Cheer, boys, cheer, once more we stand
  Upon our native shore.
Cheer, boys, cheer, and gather round
  The friends of days of yore,
Who ne'er forget the sailor lone
Away at sea and far from home.
    So cheer, boys, cheer.
    Cheer, boys, cheer.

(*Hornpipe ad libitum.*)

Full instructions, illustrated and steps recorded, covering the dancing of "The Hornpipe" will be mailed upon receipt of .50. Address the publishers.

TOWNSPEOPLE—

Cheer, boys, cheer, for home, sweet home,
All all the dear ones there.
Cheer, boys, cheer, for our good ship,
Naught with her can compare.
Through storm and sunshine, wind and rain,
She took us far and home again.
So cheer, boys, cheer.
Cheer, boys, cheer.

(*Exit Chorus*)

(*Enter Julia.*)

NED—Lads, here comes Julia. Now keep cool—keep calm—don't be beguiled. Be polite but cautious.

SAILORS—Leave it to us.

NED—Good afternoon, Julia (*Julia walks by with her head in the air.*)

JIM—She has forgotten you, matey. (*Advances*) Good day to you, Julia (*Julia pays no attention.*)

JACK—Ha! Ha! Pretty good. Forgotten you also. Well, we had all better try.

SAILORS—Good afternoon, Julia. (*Exit Julia without deigning to notice them.*)

NED (*Astonished*)—Wouldn't that jar your compass! Ah, I have it. She has not forgotten us—she remembers Barnabas.

JACK—What do we care? There are other girls in the world. Daisy, Dora, Delia—they have not forgotten us, I am sure. Our images are enshrined in their hearts; with bated breaths and beating hearts they await our return. Julia may be fickle; all girls may be fickle, except—

SAILORS—The Barnstapoole girls. (*Chattering and laughing heard off stage.*)

NED—Ahem! Here they come. Is my cap on straight? How do I look? Pretty trig and shipshape? (*Sailors straighten themselves and strike careless attitudes. Daisy, Delia, Dora and girls enter accompanied by artists. Sailors astonished.*)

NED—The last straw! I will be a private now.

(*Girls perceive sailors.*)

GIRLS (*Astonished*)—Why, where did you come from?

JACK—What a question!

DORA—Arrived so soon? We were coming to meet you.

NED—*Delighted.* (*Aside.*) And the last time I arrived she could only look at me through tear-dimmed eyes and murmur "Were you s—s—seasick?"

DELIA—You must tell us your adventures. We are dying to hear them. (*Exit artists.*)

NED (*Indignant. To sailors.*)—Lads, do not let them think we have pined for them. Think of all the girls you ever saw, met or heard of; if you can't think of enough, then invent them—names, ages, color eyes, everything. Do not be flouted.

SAILORS—Trust us. (*They think hard.*)

DAISY—First—where have you been?

SAILORS—Nor' nor' west by sou' sou' west.

GIRLS (*Putting hands over ears.*) Oh thank you!

DORA—Second—who have you seen?

SAILORS—Cannibals, hottentots, Bashi-Bazourks, elephants—

GIRLS—Thank you, very, very much.

DELIA—And how many girls have you fallen in love with?

JACK (*Sighing sentimentally*)—Ah!

SAILORS (*Sighing sentimentally*)—Ah!

23.

"IN SUNNY SPAIN."

JACK (with Sailors *ad lib.*)

JACK—

1. In sunny Spain I met the first,
Her hair was like the wing
Of raven, and her lovely face
Was fair as fairest spring.
In Araby I saw the next,
Oh, I did love her well,
Her eyes of mystery and thought
Could many a story tell.

Cassandra dear, the Isles of Greece
Are hallowed unto me.
'Twas there we met, 'twas there we sighed
Beneath an olive tree.

SAILORS (*Softly and sentimentally*)—

Cassandra dear, the Isles of Greece, *etc.*

JACK— *2. The Ho-ang-Ho flows by the cot
Of sweetheart number three.
And number four I wooed and won
Beside the Zuyder Zee.
Where Fejee smiles 'mid summer seas,
Lives dusky darling five.
At Timbuctoo on cocoanuts
My latest last did thrive.

Griselda fair and German maid,
O, tender is thy heart,
'Twas sad that fate decreed that we
Should only meet to part.

SAILORS— Griselda fair and German maid, *etc.*

(*Exit girls. They refuse to listen. Sailors delighted with the success of their scheme.*)

JACK—Sailors forever! Whoever caught Jackie napping?

24. "WHO EVER CAUGHT JACKIE FAST ASLEEP?"

SAILORS— 1. Who ever caught Jackie fast asleep?
No one—ever!
Or blind to 'vantage he should reap?
No one—never!
For his eyes are open wide
Day and night, at any tide,
Sometimes slow, but time will bide,
'Tis our boast, our daily pride.

2. Who ever caught Jackie on the run?
Did you—ever?
He's trig and trim and full of fun,
Always. Ever.
But he's game and he will fight
Tempests raging in the night,
Perils hidden from the sight
O, we glory in our might.

(*Enter Joe and Bill.*) (*Exit sailors.*)

JOE—I have seen nothing of Nance or Julia.

BILL—And I don't want to. How I'm going to straighten out this knot, I don't know. Here have I to go to a high-spirited young lady and say, "Beg pardon, my pretty, dear, but you are not the sheet anchor that Joe Stout is looking for." What do you suppose she will say to me? (*Shakes his head*) A West Indy hurricane won't be in it.

JOE—You said that if she was very offended—

BILL—I would offer myself in your place. O 'tis very hard at my time of life to be obliged to get spliced.

JOE—Cheer up, Bill. Ten chances to one she won't have you.

BILL (*Huffily*)—And why not, I should like to know. There is plenty of go in the old hulk yet.

JOE (*Hastily*)—I should say so. A gayer old seadog never sailed the sea. Oh I know all about you and—well, I won't say who.

BILL (*Smiling*)—You mean—

JOE—Just so. That's the one. Then there was—

BILL (*Much flattered*)—Avast there, mate.

JOE—I hope the future Mrs. Salt is not of a very jealous disposition. Here she comes. I'll shove off.

BILL—Don't leave me, Joe. Stand by me, mate.

---

*(Second verse to be used in case of encore, or otherwise.)

JOE—And play gooseberry. No, indeed. Never interfere between a sweetheart and his lass. (*Enter Julia.*) (*Exit Joe.*)

JULIA—Why, Mr. Salt!

BILL—Bill, to you, my dear.

JULIA—How do you do. I am so glad to meet you again. Did you have a lovely time and nice weather?

BILL—Fair to middling.

JULIA—You have grown taller, bigger, finer than ever. (*Bill much flattered*) Where is —Joe?

BILL—Mr. Stout—to you, my dear.

JULIA—Mr. Stout, then.

BILL—The truth is I made a slight mistake this time last year. (*Very nervous*) It is Nance that Joe loves. No harm done I suppose.

JULIA (*Indignant*)—You spoke to me instead of to Nance?

BILL—That's the caper. A bit mixed in my bearings.

JULIA—Oh, this is too much! Mortified, humiliated by this—this—(*Points dramatically at Bill.*)

BILL—Go easy! I am only a poor defenseless sailor man.

JULIA—PERSON.

BILL (*Aside. Relieved*)—Might have been worse. It sounds a bit cutting though (*Imitates*) PERSON!

JULIA (*Lamenting*)—Barnabas, why did you desert me! What shall I do! The laughing stock of Barnstapoole! Oh! Oh!

BILL—Is it married you wish to be?

JULIA (*Witheringly*)—Certainly not! Why? Are you prepared to offer yourself as a victim?

BILL (*Meekly*)—I had thought of it. (*Gathering courage*) Will you marry me? I shan't mind—much.

JULIA (*Scornfully*)—Marry you? Never! (*Bill looks relieved*) And yet—and yet—it would save mortification and serve this interfering tar right. I have changed my mind. I will marry you.

BILL (*Sadly*)—Thank you. Much obliged. Any time will do. (*Aside*) I hope no one will ever maroon that Barnabas Lee.

25. "LIFE IS FULL OF UPS AND DOWNS."

BILL AND JULIA—

BILL— 1. Life is full of ups and downs.
We must married be.

JULIA— I shall cry the livelong day.

BILL— I shall go to sea.

JULIA— Wedded bliss we shall enjoy,
Life will be a dream.

BOTH— We shall be a funny pair,
We shall be a team.

Refrain.

To the altar we must go.
'Tis alas our fate.
Who'd have thought a year ago
We should ever mate?

BILL— 2. Life is either smiles or tears.
Ours will be all smiles. (*Spoken*) I think not!

JULIA— Mixed with sorrow and regret.

BILL— And with camomile.

JULIA— Fond illusion now is o'er,
Empty is my heart.

BOTH— Nothing can avert our doom,
Nothing can us part.

Refrain.

To the altar we must go, etc.

Encore verse.

BOTH—

Life is full of ups and downs.
We shall quickly be
Living in a modest house
Looking on the sea.
Carpets down in every room,
Pictures on the wall.
Servant girl to answer door
When our friends shall call.

Refrain.

To the altar we must go, etc. *(Exit Julia)*

BILL—If I could find that Barnabas Lee, I'd tattoo him. Deserting a nice, handsome, high spirited girl like that! He ought to be made to marry her—that would settle him. (*Sits despondently*) What's going to happen to me—that's what I'd like to know.

(*Enter Barnabas Lee*)

BARNABAS—Pardon me, but do you know a beautiful—Why, it is Bill Salt!

BILL—Never mind me! I'd be quite happy if it wasn't for you. Do I know a beautiful—what?

BARNABAS—Girl—

BILL (*Excited*)—Called Julia? I should rather think I did. (*Sternly*) And you know her, too, young man, and you owe both of us an apology.

BARNABAS (*Surprised*)—Owe her an apology! She owes me one for breaking my heart. Why, Bill, I have had no heart, no ambition, no nerves, since she left me for another. (*Aside*) And I did love her so!

BILL—She never deserted you. She loves you truly. As good as told me so only five minutes ago. Go after her, man. She is over yonder. (*Points*) Straight to leeward, then nor' nor' west for a bit, then windward, and you will find her looking at wedding hats.

BARNABAS—Wedding hats!

BILL—Winter hats, I mean. Hasten, man hasten.

BARNABAS—(*Spoken*)

O love, why did I forsake thee,
So tender as thou wert!
O love—

BILL—Don't bother about singing now. Wait until you are married, and then you can keep on high notes for the rest of your life for all I care. *(Exit Barnabas)*

BILL (*Delighted*)—The worst storm I ever weathered. Safe, once more, Bill Salt. (*Rises. Does a few fancy steps. Enter Barnabas in a hurry. Bill stops and looks at him in disgust.*) What! Back again!

BARNABAS—I forgot. The apology to you. Why?

BILL—Marry Julia—and all will be forgiven. (*Exits Barnabas*) My, oh my, that was an escape. (*Seats himself*) Bill Salt, you have a pull at your old pipe, then return to the Billow and stay tight on board until all these wandering couples are safely spliced.

(*Enter Nance and girls*)

NANCE—Dear Mr. Salt, Joe has told me all. I forgive you because I am so happy.

DELIA—And we will forgive you also, Mr. Salt, on condition that you tell us about your travels.

(*Enter Joe, sailors and artists.*)

26. "HO, MARINERS OF BARNSTAPOOLE."

BILL, JOE, NANCE, SAILORS AND GIRLS.

BILL—

1. Ho, mariners of Barnstapoole,
Ho, maids and matrons fair.
Just listen to the yarns I spin,
They'll curl your very hair.
And cause your heart to palpitate,
Your pulse to pit-pat-pit.
And very like before I've done
You all will have a fit.

For I have seen—

ALL—

For he has seen—

Bill—

Lobsters a-bobbing,
Dodos hobnobbing
With crocodiles, nice as you please.
Savages raging,
Heathens rampaging,
And elephants sitting in trees.
Monkey nuts dancing,
Mermaids entrancing,
And sirens in moonlight asleep.
Pirates persuasive,
Sailors evasive
And treasure ships sunk in the deep.

All— Lobsters a-bobbing, etc.

Bill— 2. Ho, citizens of Barnstapoole,
Ho, children great and small.
If I recite half I have seen,
It would amaze you all.
The ocean and its mysteries
Before me did unfold,
And what I saw, and all I heard,
Could never half be told.

For I have been—

All— For he has been—

Bill—

Taken surpris-o,
Eaten aliv-o
By cannibals black as your hat.
Castaway gloomy,
Desert not roomy,
Infested with serpent and rat.
Frightened completely,
Hidden discreetly,
From Hottentot ladies so coy.
Such a quandary,
Tu-mult-u-ary.
The sea is a life full of joy.

All— Taken surpris-o, etc.

(*Exit Bill, artists and girls on L. Sailors on R. The latter endeavor to attract the attention of the girls, but they refuse to look at them.*)

JOE (*Tenderly*)—By this time next week, you will be my own dear little wife.

NANCE—And you—my own dear husband.

27

"ARM IN ARM WE'LL WALK ON SUNDAYS."

Joe and Nance. 1. Arm in arm we'll walk on Sundays
Up and down the quay.
Arm and arm we'll saunter homeward
For a cup of tea.
Arm in arm forever sweethearts,
Wedded life will be
Happy as the quiet haven
Sheltered from the sea.

Joe— I your most adoring husband.

Nance— I your most devoted wife.

Both— And we do believe and say,
Life will be a roundelay.

Both— 2. Hand in hand we'll face the troubles
That beset our path.
Hand in hand we'll sit together
By the glowing hearth.
Hand in hand we'll help each other
So our life will be
Happy as the quiet haven
Sheltered from the sea.

Joe— I your most adoring husband, etc.

(*Enter Julia and Barnabas.*)

NANCE (*Advancing*)—Julia—wish us joy.

JULIA—Nance—wish us joy.

BARNABAS—This is the happiest day of my life. I wish it would last forever.

NANCE—Other days will be as happy. Come time, come tide, come weal or woe—love will remain.

28. "LOVE WILL REMAIN."

JULIA, NANCE, JOE, BARNABAS.

1. Little water lily,
   Shuts her yellow eye.
 Little dancing wavelet
   To the shore doth sigh.
 For the night is creeping in
   And the stars do peep.
 When the tide shall turn again
   All the world will sleep.

2. And all happy lovers
   Watch the sky aglow.
 Evening shadows stealing
   Night-winds chanting low.
 And the day thus closing in
   Leaves behind no pain,
 Let the tide be as it may—
   Love will still remain.

(*Enter girls.*) (*Exit Nance, Joe, Julia and Barnabas*)

DELIA—Shall we forgive them? This is the question.

DORA—(*Thoughtfully*) Jim is looking very thin and pale.

DAISY—I passed Ned standing by the town pump. He looked very lonely.

DELIA—Probably mourning over his lost Cassandra.

(*Enter sailors.*)

GIRLS (*Singing mockingly*)*

Cassandra dear, the Isles of Greece
  Are hallowed unto me.
'Twas there we met, 'twas there we sighed,
  Beneath an olive tree.

DAISY (*To Ned, artlessly*)—Did you really and truly fall in love with all those girls and forget poor little me? (*Ned and Daisy retire up stage.*)

DELIA—One gone over to the enemy. I will not give in.

DORA (*To Jim*)—I suppose you don't remember me?

JIM (*Tenderly*)—Just give me a chance to tell how little I have forgotten you. (*Jim and Dora retire up stage.*)

DELIA—Another deserter! (*The remainder of the girls make up with the sailors.*) All are deserters! I alone am steadfast to my outraged sensibilities. (*Folds arms, strikes attitude of defiance.*)

JACK (*Advancing*)—Don't you think you have treated me very badly, Delia—darling.

DELIA—Y-e-s. Yes, Jack. (*They retire up stage also.*)

(*Enter Nance, Julia, Joe and Barnabas*)

JOE—Have you all made up? Are you friends again?

SAILORS (*Indignantly*)—Friends? No, never.

JOE—Sweethearts, then?

ALL—Yes.

JOE—Lads, I suggest we all get married before the Bounding Billow sails again.

SAILORS—We will, and all on the same day.

DELIA (*In consternation*)—If we are all married on the same day there will be no bridesmaids, no best men, no groomsmen.

JOE—And the only man left on the ship will be Bill Salt. He will have to give the brides away, act the part of best man, groomsman, bridesmaid, propose the health of all the happy couples, throw old shoes and rice after every one of us, and pay all the fees.

BARNABAS—Out of his own pocket.

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*Without accompaniment or that of piano only.

(*Enter Bill.*)

JOE—Come, old shipmate, and wish us joy.

BILL—Is everyone going to be spliced?

JOE—Every man and woman jack of us.

BILL—Sure no one is left for me?

JOE—No one.

(*Enter chorus and artists.*)

BILL—Then good luck to you, and may the wedding bells ring such a peal as will deafen the whole of the town of Barnstapoole.

20. "THE WEDDING BELLS ARE RINGING."

ENTIRE COMPANY—

The wedding bells are ringing
And we are gaily singing,
For lovers once so blighted
Are now most firm united.

BARNABAS—

My passion for Julia I cannot keep pent,
I marry next week though I have not a cent,
But love for my darling will spur me to toil
At wonders supernal in water and oil.
On roses and dewdrops we'll feast with delight
And love shall illumine our home with its light,
We'll live in a castle located in Spain
And queen of my heart she will ever remain.

CHORUS—

They'll live in a castle located in Spain
And queen of his heart she will ever remain.

BILL—

I'm but a simple sailor
But I've learned a thing or two
Concerning matters, if you're wise,
You'll never, never do.
Just go your way—have naught to say—
Avoid a pretty lass,
And then your last remaining days
Will sure and safely pass.

CHORUS—

Hear the bells, what a peal!
They joy and bliss betoken,
Mirth and glee to one and all
And years of peace unbroken.
Hear the bells, how they chime!
Love (her—him) 'till the end of time,
For weal or woe, for joy or pain,
My love for (her—him) will still remain.

DELIA
DAISY
DORA

The twilight draweth nigh,
Pale shadows dim the sky,
O will you idly stroll with me
Upon the silent quay?

JULIA AND CHORUS—

And listen to the waves
Repeat the old refrain,
That tides may come and tides may go—
But love will still remain.

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